## FLASHES FROM THE SLUMS. PICTURES TAKEN IN DARK PLACES BY

Some of the Results of a Journey Through the City with an Instantaneous Camera-The Poor, the Idie, and the Vicious

With their way illuminated by spasmodie flashes, as bright and sharp and brief as those of the lightning itself, a mysterious party has lately been startling the town o' nights. Som-noient policemen on the street, denizens of the dives in their dens, tramps and bummers in their so-called lodgings, and all the people of the wild and wonderful variety of New York night life have in their turn marvelled at and been frightened by the phenomenon. What they saw was three or four figures in the gloom. a ghostly tripod, some weird and uncanny movements, the blinding flash, and then they heard the patter of retreating footsteps, and the mysterious visitors were gone before they could collect their scattered thoughts and try to find out what it was all about. Of course all this fuse speedily became known to THE SUN reporters, and equally as a matter of course they speedily found out the meaning of the seeming mystery. But at the request of the parties interested the publication of the facts was delayed until the purpose of the expe-dition was accomplished. That has now been done, and its history may now be written. The party consisted of members of the So-

cisty of Amateur Photographers of New York experimenting with the process of taking instantageous pictures by an artificial flash light, and their guide and conductor, an energetic gentleman, who combines in his person, though not in practice, the two dignities of deacon in a Long Island church and a police



white slaves.

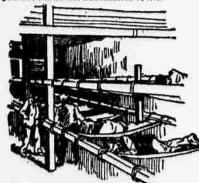
reporter in New York. His object in the matter, besides the interest in the taking of the pictures, was the collection of a series of views for magic lantern slides, showing, as no mere description could, the misery and vice that me had noticed in his ten years of experience. Aside from its strong human interest, he thought that this treatment of the topic would call attention to the needs of the situation, and suggest the direction in which much good might be done. The nature of this feature of the deacon-reporter's idea is indicated by the way he has succeeded in interesting the children in his Sunday school on Long Island in the work of helping the destitute children of the metropolis. The ground about the little church children is turned into a garden, in which the Sunday school children work at spading, hoeing, planting, and weeding, and the potatoes and other vegetables thus raised are contributed to a children's home in this city. In furtherance of just such aims the deacon-reporter threw himself with tireless, energy into the pursuit of pictures of Gotham's crime and misery by night and day to make a foundation for a lecture called. "The Other Half; How it Lives and Dies in New York," to give at church and Sunday school exhibitions, and the like. WHITE SLAVES,



WAKED UP BY THE FLASH LIGHT.

party was: Dr. Henry G. Piffard and Richard Hoe Lawrence, two accomplished and progresses an actual progresses and progresses and progresses and progresses and progresses and progresses are proposed in the same direction, and Jacob A. Riis, the deacon-reporter.

The first picture in this report gives a view of life among the white slaves, as the needlewomen of New York are truthfully and pathetically designated since The Sun has disclosed so much of the misery and oppression they suffer. The women are mother and daughter, both widows. As they are both able to work, and have no children or any one depending on them, they are exceptionally well off among the class to which they belong. But it is only by unremitting work, early and late, that they are able to keep over themselves the poor shelter of a tenement house roof and provide the actual necessaries of life.



The adventures of the picture-taking party in other directions were interesting and sometimes amusing. Their night pictures were attaking and sometimes amusing. Their night pictures were attaking and characteristic, being mostly snap shots and surprises. In the daytime they sould not altogether avoid having their object known, and, struggle as they might against it, they could not altogether prevent the natural instinct of fixing up for a picture from being followed. When a view was of interest and value as they found it, they were sometimes unable to stop the preparation and posing from almost destroying the interest in it. Mr. Bits has kindly furnished a number of his photographs to The Sun's artist, and they are given here. An example of the flash-light pictures is this from the lodging room of the Thir-LODGINGS IN PELL STREET.



22 BAXTER STREET. tieth street police station. The three caught in the flash are tures different den or brazen indifference, one in retiring modesty and averted face, and the third in annual design of camera and visitors.

Another flash-light picture, though showing only still life, is elequent of the misery and destitution of those with whom imagination can become it, as each recurring night does people

it, with the wreeks of humanity that form its clientage. It is a Pell street seven-cent lodging house, whose cots or beds or bunks or hammocks partaking as they do of the characteristics of all three, are simply strips of canyas stretched between beams, six feet apart. Mr. Riis has other views of this place at night which are a revelation to those who were never there. The pictures secured of some of the notorious courts and allers of the lowest tenement districts of the Fourth and Sixth wards are very interesting, and are especially reliad upon by Mr. Rilis to make his points in favor of the Children's Aid Society and other children helpers, because they are always swarming with children. The court at 22 Baxter street, long of an unsavory reputation, and with a



A BAITER STREET ALLEY.

a BAITER STREET ALLET.

still more unsavory name, is now almost wholly given up to Italian occupancy. It is at still dirty and distressed, and its picture, as given here, is not without interest. It is a typical tenement house yard, the clothes lines, the hydrant, the push eart, and the children being always to be found.

At 59 Baxter street is a similar place, an alley leading in from the sidewalk, with tenements on either side crowding so close as to almost shut out the light of day. On one side they are brick and on the other wood, but there is little difference in their ricketiness and squalor. This is also an Italian colony, and the bags of rags and bones and paper shown are gathered by those people, despite the laws and ordinances and the 3,000 police.

At 59 Mulberry street, in the famous Bend, is another alley of this sort, except it is as much worse in character as its name. "Bandits' Roost," is worse than the designations of most of these alleys. It has borne this name these many years, and though there have been many entire changes in the occupants in that time,



BANDITS' ROOST.

each succeeding batch seems to be calculated in appearance and character to keep up the appropriateness of the name. There are no bags of rags to indicate even that low form of industry here. Many Italians live here, but they are devoted to the stale beer industry. On each side of the alley are stale beer dives in room after room, where the stuff is sold for two or three cents a quart. After buying a round the customer is entitled to a seat on the floor, otherwise known as a "lodging," for the night. Another outcropping of the benevolent purpose of Mr. Riis in behalf of the boys is his showing of a touching picture of street Arabs in sleeping quarters, which it must have taken



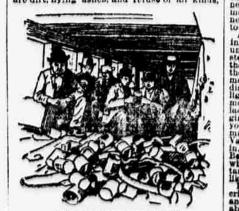
SLEEPING STREET ARABS.

a hunt to discover. These youngsters have evidently spent their lodging money for gallery scals at the show, and have found shelter on the back stoop of an old tenement house.

The researches into the manner of life of the "other half" continually brought thein vestigators face to face with "the growiler" which is the highly suggestive name of the can or oltcher in which beer is brought by the pint or quart from the corner saloon. The bright youngster here pictured as the Growler Ganymede has thousands of prototypes in this city. He serves both the families in the tenements and the gangs that congressor in stables or some other shelter to work the growler. In many cases yet younger conter shelter to work the growler. In many cases yet younger conter shelter to work the growler. In many cases yet younger conter shelter to work the growler. In many cases yet younger content of the growler are pressed into this service and girls, as well as boys. of tender years are sent into saloons of bad character for this purpose.

A "growler gang" that is the exemplifica-

of bad character for this purpose, this purpose, A "growler gang" that is the exemplification of all that is degrading and disreputable in the whole range of the practice is the one whose headquarters is under the Jackson street dump. The surroundings of these drinkers are dirt, flying ashes, and refuse of all kinds,



AN EAST SIDE GROWLER GANG.

AN EAST SIDE GROWLER GANG.
the tin-can carrieted floor, and the stenchinden air, and there are no attractions except
the one of their guzzing. Becent people are
not expected fror, and interruptions are not to
be feared. So these follows, who, though
young and sturdy, never work, can assemble
young and sturdy, never work, can assemble
here and "rush the growler" until the last
eight cents is gone.

A similar gang on the west side is the greater
freedom they enjoy around the stables and

elaughter houses up town, indulge in all the beet they can get while assembled in the open air. They have, nevertheless, means of getting under cover when, as is frequently the case.



A west side Growler Gano,

A feature of growler gang life is the proceeding known as "wrastling for the price." That means getting money with which to buy beer, and when these young toughs talk about getting money, it simply means getting it, and there is no restriction expressed or implied regarding the means to be employed. At these times the advent of a drunken man into the district patrolled by the gang is a piece of good luck for the boys—not for him. The interesting process of robbing a "lush" as here shown



ROBBING A LUSH. BOBBING A LUBE.

The degradation pictured in this view of a Thompson street dive is, perhaps, as low as any that the picture takers came across. The dive is one of the places known as "Black and Tans." because its frequenters are colored men and white women of the most degraded sort. The man who is lounging on the barrel is an ignorant, worthless black of a capacity equal to work as a day laborer were it not that the energy for such occupation can only be supplied



A BLACK AND TAN DIVE. by the pressure of the most dire necesity. The woman shown is white as to complexion, but a dissolute life and the effects of drink have dragged her down to the level of the man. if, indeed, she is not beneath it.

A Thrilling Adventure with Pulitzer that Capt, Cassidy Isn't Proud Of.

The "Story by a Police Captain" appeared as usual in the World Thursday, but, as usual, name was printed under the heading in staring

BURGLAR BILLY

A Thrilling Adventure. BY

POLICE CAPT. EDW'D CASSIDY Of the Eldridge Street Station.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.] "Burglar Billy" was a thief named William

"Burglar Billy" was a thief named William Wilson, and the thrilling adventure which Capt. Cassidy was supposed to describe was his arrest and his incarceration in a police station, notwithstanding the determination of Billy to lie down on the sidewalk, and his returned in the proceed until his feet were clubbed. Capt. Cassidy was asked last evening whether he wrote the story. Capt. Cassidy, "I didn't write a word of it. But if I had written it I would not have written my name Edward Cassidy, because my name is Philip. A young man came into the police station a week ago and asked me to give him some points for a story. I refused; but he pressed me so hard that I thought the best way out of the conversation was to tell him something. So I told him the first thing that came into my head. It was true, but it was not worth writing. I'm sorry the story came out as it did, but I did the best I could under the circumstances, and hope I will not be censured too much for it."

BEAUTY UNDER WATER. A Corni-hued Mermaid Disporting in the Glare of Electric Lights.

Prom an Unidentified Source.

One of the features of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, is the singularly graceful swimming performances of some young girls under the able direction of Prof. Beckwith, himself a swimmer of celebrity in days gone by. "For the last eight years," said the Professor, "have I continued to give regular performances in this building: that, I take it, is proof enough of their popularity." The hall where the show takes place is well adapted, being constructed for the purpose. There upon there of seats slope gradually down to the swimming bath or tank, some seventy feet in length by thirty in whith. At one end of the tank, upon a platform, Prof. Beckwith stands and introduces the swimmers to the audience. From an Unidentified Source.

some seventy feet in length by thirty in whith, At one end of the tank, upon a platform, Prof. Beckwith stands and introduces the swimmers to the audience.

"Allow me," says the Professor, "to introduce my latest pupil Miss Clifton," and a pretty girl of an admicable figure steps forward and stands waiting a few feet above the dark water. She is clad is long slik tights reaching to her hips, her dress is composed of a close-fitting bodies of coral-colored cashmere, half open at the neck, but with arms totally uncovered. Anparently her numerous immersions filve or six a day lagree with her wonderfully well, for she has the clearest and creamiest of skins, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, indeed, such redness of checks made me think of paint, and made me fegret that the first pinnge must necessarily rob this pretty girl of such delicious touches of color.

After the Professor had finished enumerating the various excellences she had acquired under his tuition, Miss Clifton took a single step, and like a pink arrow shot herself into the air. The next second she was far beneath the kreen depths of the water, a coral-hued mermaid, sliently cleaving her way, and easily discernible by reason of a powerful electric light that followed and displayed her every movement. After her five or six other young addes tollowed in quick succession, till a little girl of 7 appeared, the Professor's daughter and youngest pupil, who, as he pathetically romarked, "is out of her dooth everywhere." Various feats of facey swimming were indulged in, all grassful and clever, and then young Beckwith came upon the stage, a youth of 20, who dived and swam the entire length of the tank under water, then respected blowing like a grampus at the farihest end.

Happily for the durability of one's faith in erimson cheeks, Miss Clifton only graw rosler and prettier the longer she stayed and splashed about. Even her short curly hair did not seem to lose its crispness, and when the water the some the sea, bright and hewitching with the snarking water r

True to His Bringing Up. Woman (to tramp)—I kin give ye some chops or your breakfast. What kind o' chops wood chops ! Ifamp (no chicken) — What kind o' chops wood chops ! Woman - You Tramp—Nop; I wasn't brought up to est with an axe. THIEVES AND THEIR WAYS. A TALK WITH INSPECTOR BYRNES CON-CERNING CRIMINALS.

The Beginning of a Thiof-His Motive in Thieving-Thioves' Honor-Rich Thioves Who Stick to Business-A Tankee Exile. Inspector Byrnes was surprised the other day in what seemed to be an idle moment. He does not have many such. In his curiously decorated effice, surrounded by pictures and mementoes of police life, he is seldom alone an instant. Interviews with complainants, and consultations with his aids and lieutenants, are varied by meetings and contests with crooks and criminals, each striving to find out now much the other knows without betraying his own knowledge. These clients, when under inquisition, are sometimes present as prisoners, and sometimes are merely visitors in response to some detective's invitation in these words: "The Boss wants to see you." With the close of day these things do not end. for many a similar hour is passed by this official in a room in his own house that has, in a more luxurious degree, many of the characteristics of the office at Police Headquarters. And as if this were not enough to keep a man on the verge of distraction in the multitude of cases for work and worry thus presented, there must be added a great deal of outside work-up town, down town, and all over-to enable the Inspector to see and know for himself the situation in matters of interest in his department more thoroughly than can be done in the reception of reports, however intelligently made,

from some one else's observation.

The Sun reporter who surprised the Inspector in seeming idleness spoke to him, and then, noticing that the answer came as though from a mind recalled from a distance, was struck with the notion that instead of being at rest the detective had been busily engaged. An effort to find out whether or not this was so met with no success, and this was proof positive that there was something in it. When there is nothing to tell the Inspector says so. When there is something, but he doesn't want to tell it, he says nothing. Every one who is familiar with life in the woods has seen a mother bird lead away

the attention of a lot of boys who have nearly stumbled upon the hiding place of her nest. She falls fluttering at their feet. It seems the easiest thing pos-sible to stretch out the hand and grasp her. The hand is stretched out, but the bird flutters out of reach. Continuing these tactics until the nest is left far behind, she gayly takes

The hand is stretched out, but the bird flutters out of reach. Continuing these tactics until the nest is left far behind, she gayly takes wing, and the deluded boys could not find the place where they began the chase, even if they had not forgotten all about the circumstances of its beginning.

It was something in this manner that Inspector Byrnes began to talk in a very general way to the reporter. The latter thought he had a chance to canture the official, and reached out for him with this question:

"How are professional criminals made?"

"They are the product of a wide variety of circumstances, answered the Inspector. "A great many might be said to be born thieves. Their parents were this ves, or of a class that is in some way not entirely reputable. The children, male and female, grow up under influences of association and early training that give them no chance to learn to respect the teachings of morality or the restrictions of law. But in looking over the list, and taking the number of criminals who have become celebrated in my day, the percentage is very small of such who became so by reason of early training by criminal parents, or even from natural predifection growing out of relationship of this kind. Even of those who grew up amid surroundings and associations common to such parentage there are few who may be said to have made a mark in the profession."

"Isn't it true that in many cases thieves who have families try to keep their business a secret from their children?"

"Yes, they do it as long as they can. Many of them intend and mean to, but generally speaking it is impossible. The father or mother, whichever is the thief, and sometimes it is both, is away a great deal. To the inquiring miads of children this may lead to a discovery. Then the visits of associates, the chance of an arrest, or any of perhaps a hundred happenings may expose the facts. At first there is a childish horror, a natural repugnance, but blood is thicker than water, and sympathy is soon excited. The father or mother does

sale and no exposure risked. One of the most notorious women crooks that New York has notorious women crooks that New York has proven and religious women, a Sister in a convent, and, I assume, still ignorant of her mother's manner of life."

"You have only mentioned thieves who have mother's manner of life."

"You have only mentioned thieves who have made their mark; does this all apply to the common run of ordenders?"

No. I really did not think of them. They are not objects of study and would not repard it are not objects of study and would not repard it are poor and can do little for them, and for this and a variety of other reasons have little control over their children. At from 14 to 15 years of age these boys got a tasts for going to shows and places of amusement, and an appetite for excitement of all kinds. In most cases the first robbery committed by these offenders is for the They are led on step by step, and their associations constantly get worse. They become professional thieves, but not of a dangerous grade—that is, not dangeraus in the direction of large that is. They are the most dangerous to life, and the most apt to do violence in committing crime. They are easily caught, and ession and house. But they are easily caught, and ession and house, But they are easily caught, and ession and house at first of such a result, shows the weakness of this class of offenders."

"What is there to be said about the higher of the Weeks murder, the cauture of the murders, who they are assigned and the fact of the weeks murder, the cauture of the murders, who have had advantages of excellent early training, of general education, and of business experience. They fall through family troubles disappointments, or discourage who have had advantages of excellent early training, of general education, and of business experience. They fall through family troubles disappointments, or discourage who have had advantages of excellent early training, of general education, and of business experience. I have a subject to the c

in this country and in Europe-I mean Americans in Europe, for I do not know much o

scans in actions, for i do not saw succession with a state of the they have not it of money minds matter of fact they have noted the ways by which they got it. But they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they pursue their ways so as to greatly reduce they contribute they can be a successful they are they contribute they can share in the profits of they are south out by first-rate crooks, the only kind they would have sawfilling they contributed they can share in the profits of they are they like they are they are they are they are they contributed they profits of they are they are they are they can share in the profits of they are they are they can share any of the they are they can share any of the they are they can share any of the they are they

A WESTERN THIEF TAKER'S VIEWS. Major Harrigan of St. Louis Talks Inter-

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Thieves\_I mean professional thieves, crim-

Inite of the higher grade—pursue their crocked career with the same feelings that honest men expects a certain percentage of losses man expects as certain percentage and the will meet with unexpected gains. These losses or gains are entered up in the profit and loss account. The professional thief or criminal philosophically argues to himself: "What I gain easily, and I must be prepared to serve a portion of my years in prison. If it is little, so much the better for me: if it is much, and it is not a difficult matter to get him started on a discussion of the subject which for the greater part of his life has been a close study.

He does not stop to ask, why do criminals as Gen. Sherman would soldlere, or Tom Allen puglists. He does not stop to ask, why do criminals as Gen. Sherman would soldlere, or Tom Allen puglists. He does not stop to ask, why do criminals as Gen. Sherman would soldlere, which much the prison has entire the prison of the penitentary as so much detectives employment.

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "the thief looks upon his termin in sail or the penitentary as so much detectives employment."

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "the thief looks upon his termin in sail or the penitentary as so much detectives employment."

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "the thief looks upon his terminal the property that belongs to discussed the best much of course, and means to keep out of prison. He is like a man playing at earlies much of the property his prison, and mean to his priso

Quincy, Ill., where he went into the hotel busilesses. Whether he had too much money or not. I don't know, but he got to displating about the seas after he left here, and on a tour of inspection of the jail found him. The recognition was mutual. He said:

"For God's sake don't recognize me," I inquired a difficult the was afterward convicted. I have seen so much of this year and the said of the said

barrooms and grocery stores, and kill any one who detects them. The professional thief takes a pride in his business."

"But how do they live?" queried the reporter.
"Every large city in the country has its headquarters for thieves. The word is passed around. If a man is 'given hours' to leave St. Louis, and he starts for Chicago, the officers know exactly where to locate him thore. The 'hang up, 'as they call it, is generally a saloon, perhaps a fashionable resort on a popular thoroughfare. Here they get their mail and meet and talk over their business. Every town has its one 'fence' sometimes more. The 'fence' is the man who nets as quartermaster for thieves who are in hiding, and also attends to the secretion and ultimate disposal of stolen goods. A New York thief on his way West notifies his immediate friends, through whom he can be reached in Chicago. Cincinnati St. Louis, and Kannsa City. Should he get in trouble in any of these towns his friends communicate with the 'fence' and have done what can be done. Every crook endeavors to keep at least one town in the country open. He must have a place in which to spend his money, and to secure it, he, for instance, promises to do nothing wrong in St. Louis, and so long as he keeps his word he is allowed to walk the streets and spend his money with his associates, male and female.

"New York is, of course, the headquarters of all thieves of the upper class. There are a dozen quiet little places where the beer is good, where they congregate and nian ther little excursions into the country. One can almost imagine a gang of burglars sitting down and mapping out a route just like the manager of a show that is to make one and two night stands. A great deal of nonsense has been written about theives having grips and passewords and a language of their own. They just naturally drift together and instinctively know where the correct and 'hangouts,' and then when landing in a strange city they know where to go to meet their own kind."

Wenderful Lighting Bugs.

Wonderful Lightning Bugs.

The light of the fireflies of tropical America seems to be dependent upon the will, as when feeding or asleep it is not seen, attaining its greatest brilliancy during activity and flight. The color of the light is a rich green, but the eggs emit a light of a bluish tint, according to Dubols. This naturalist has made extremely interesting experiments with the pyrophorus. The eggs which he dried retained their luminosity for as week, the light reappearing when they were placed in water. He ground the luminous organs in a mortar, after having dried them in vacuum, and then mixed them in boiled water, the latter immediately becoming luminous.

Dr. Dubols concluded that the light of the pyrophorus is intended as illumination for itself alone. To prove this, he covered one of the upper lights with wax and the animal moved in a curve; when both spots were covered the beetle soon stopped and then moved in an uncertain manner, carsfully feeling the ground with his antana. The spectrum of the light was extremely beautiful, being continuous, without dark or brilliant rays. From the Christian at Work.

CITY ISLAND'S BIG GHOST. IT MOVES ALONG WITHOUT TOUCHING

> Sometimes White and Sometimes Black-It Looks Like a Woman, but Has No Faca -If it Docan't Look Out it Will Get Shot, City Island in winter is a desointe spot The Sound about it is frozen inches thick, and the fishing smacks that make the summer harbor a gay scene are fast and helpless. Cold winds sweep across the flat waste. The snow lies unshovelled on the sidewalks, and half the houses are empty. About three months ago Miss Allie Sturgis, rosy cheeked and 18 or Miss Allie Sturgis, rosy cheeked and 15 or thereabouts, who serves customers with fresh rolls on the counter of Weber's bakery, was much frightened by a spectral apparition late at night, which rapidly approached her over an adjoining field. This ghost, although it was described by Miss Sturgis as a little one, was much talked about, but now it has given place

to another, a six-footer.

The present ghost did not appear until the

bay between the town and Hart Island was a

firm and solid sheet of ice. A week ago last

Wednesday night it was seen first. A jolly

erowd had been sledding on the only hill in town, behind the Post Office. Will Darling

THE GROUND,

was returning late from the siedding jurty, when he saw a sight that made his blood run cold. It was on Main atreet, but the street was deserted and dark. What it was he never told, except that it was white and tall, and rolled along above the ground, never seeming to touch it. He ran, and did not see the thing again. But that same night, it was said afterward, and papeared to thinm appleauch, a tender to the man appeared the control of the control of

HE LOVED A PRETTY PINMAKER.

A Kansas Farmer Who Won Because he Wouldn't Take No for an Answer.

SHELTON, Conn., Feb. 11 .- Among the many pretty girls who assist in making pins in the Howe pin factory in this village was Miss Carrie F. Daines. One day, several years ago, Miss Daines, in a spirit of mischief, joined with other girls in writing their names and address on the papers upon which pins are stuck. Some six months after Miss Daines received a letter from a farmer in Kansas. He asked Miss Daines to correspond with him. Miss Daines flatly refused. She was satisfied with her lot. There were plenty of young men in her circle of society, and when her time came, if ever it did.

There were plenty of young men in her circle of society, and when her time came, if ever it did, she would marry some one size knew. But Mr. Pillsbury possessed the grir of ment Western men, and soon after her refu al to o on a free respondence Mr. Pillsbury at early in scalar ton. He brought with him circlentials as to his respectability and standing, sought an introduction to Miss Daines, and after a brief contiship, he asked her to marry him. Miss Padus liked the young man, but she was not in low with him, and so refused the good effer the Kansae farmer made her.

Disheartened, Mr. Pillsbury went home. In a few months he met another Connecticut gift, and finally married her. The marriage was a happy one, but after a few months the bride died, and Mr. Pillsbury was more determined than ever to get his first love, the pretty Sudica pillmaker. He wrote to her again, felling her of his loss, and asked her to correspond with him. She again refused but her relusal was worded in so sympathetic a manner that he became more than ever de cruined.

He accordingly came to Shelton again and, nothing daunted, began a most nexissient wesing. At first he met with no encouragement, but his earnestness and devotion began to thaw out the heart of the Yankee lass, and after a time Mr. Pillsbury's pluck wen her consent.

A few days ago the Rev. J. G. Ditmars pastor of the Baptist Church, united the persistent Pillsbury to his sweetheart, and they have gone to their far Western home.

Chauce to Think It Over. She (after an offer)—You pay me the greatest compliment a woman can hear, Mr. Paymadvance, but I must give you a refusal. He is the rast estate line, eagerly)—For how long until to-morrow night?

Indigestion

Is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but the parent of many others of a much more serious character. It interferes with nutrition, impoverishes the blood, and weakens every function of the bedy. No more effective remedy for Indigestion can be procured than Ayer's Pills. They give permanent relief, by restoring to the assimilative organs their normal power, vitality, and action.

In most cases, is occasioned by neglect, and its cure is generally sought for in the use of violent purgatives. These weaken the bowels, so that they are less able to perform their proper functions, and chronic Constitute of the Bowels, the safest and most effective remedy is Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are pleasant to take, prompt in action,

Constipation,

permanent relief, by restoring to the assiminative organs their normal power, vitality, and action.

Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass., says: "Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from indigeation and headachs, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles.

Disappeared, my food directed well, and my sleep was regular and refreshing."

A. A. Wostenholme. Utlea, N. Y., writes: "Honever I am troubled with indigeation. I take one or two doses of Ayer's Pills and am promptly relieved."

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 20 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive leady if it had not been for them. They cared me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."

T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa.

Roland L. Larkin, Hariem, N. Y., certifies, "For a long time I was a vertim to indigestion, natisea, dirriness, and hearthern. I book

Ayer's

Prepared by Dr. J. G. Ayer & Cc., Lowell, Mass.

Bold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.